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DC
BAT MAN
368
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FEB. 84
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
INTRODUCING
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER!
THAT'S RIGHT-WE SAID BOY WONDER!
GOTHAM CITY ZOO
HANNIGAN + GIORDANO
DC
FRANK MILLER'S
RONIN
THE POSTER.
DON'T MISS IT!

BATMAN
A REVENGE of RAINBOWS
STRIPED BY PARALLEL SHADOWS, POISON IVY AWAITS ARRAIGNMENT-- WHILE HAVING PASSED HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE, YOUNG JASON TODD HAS EARNED THE RIGHT TO BECOME THE BATMAN'S NEW PARTNER.
THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM: WHAT TO CALL HIM...
WONDER-BOY MAKES ME SOUND LIKE BREAD, BUT HOW 'BOUT FLYING ACE?
BLUEJAY? CARDINAL?
BATMAN AND EAGLE? BATMAN AND DOMINO?
KID DYNAMITE? MASKED AVENGER?
TONTO?
THE BATMAN MERELY FROWNS.
3-9041

DOUG MOENCH writer / DON NEWTON + ALFREDO ALCALA artists / BEN ODA ADRIENNE ROY letterer colorist / LEN WEIN editor

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LOOKS LIKE THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN A ROSE IS NOT A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME...
LET'S FACE IT, BRUCE -- EVERY NAME WE'VE COME UP WITH IS RIDICULOUS.
THEY ALL SOUND DUMB.
RIGHT THE LAST TIME, HEROES...
...WHICH IS ONE OF THE BETTER ENTRANCE CUES I'VE HAD IN MONTHS.
DICK--!
DICK GRAYSON?!
WELL, THERE'S ONE NAME YOU GUYS DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH.
AND AS THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR, NOW A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN, SLOWLY STRIDES FROM THE CAVERN SHADOWS OF HIS CHILDHOOD..
...WE CUT TO DOWNTOWN GOTHAM, WHERE WAREHOUSES HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THE DOZEN IN THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS OF ECONOMIC INSTABILITY...
...BUT WHERE ONE OF THEM IS MARGINALLY DESERTED THIS DARK NIGHT...
I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY-- IT'LL WORK.
BESIDES BEING A CROOK, I'M A COMPUTER GENIUS.
YEAH, YEAH, WE'VE HEARD THE STORY OF HOW YOU TURNED TO CRIME AFTER COMPUTREX RIPPED OFF YOUR SOFTWARE PATENTS, KINSKI.
NOW HURRY UP AND PRODUCE FOR YOUR NEW EMPLOYER.
PATIENCE, CRAZY-QUILT... I'M JUST ABOUT--
--DONE! YOU SEE--? EVEN THE NEW DESIGN OF YOUR HELMET IS SLEEKER.
NO, I DON'T SEE, KINSKI.
IF YOU'LL RECALL, THAT'S THE PROBLEM YOU WERE HIRED TO CORRECT-MY BLINDNESS.
2

OF COURSE... JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH, CRAZY-QUILT, AND I ASSURE YOU, SOON YOU WILL SEE.
FIRST, WE REMOVE THE BANDAGES OVER THE SMALL HOLES SURGICALLY DRILLED THROUGH YOUR SKULL...
AH, HEALED QUITE NICELY -- NO TRACE OF INFECTION.
NEXT, WE IMPLANT THE ELECTRODES DIRECTLY INTO THE SIGHT-CENTERS OF YOUR BRAIN, LIKE SO...
THEN WE LOWER THE INGENIOUSLY DESIGNED HELMET OVER THE ELECTRODES...
...AND FINALLY, WE PUSH THIS SIMPLE BUTTON TO ACTIVATE THE --
HOLD IT, KINSKI -- I WANT TO DO IT MYSELF.
WHERE IS IT, BOYS?
TO YOUR RIGHT, BOSS.
NO -- TURN YER HEAD A LITTLE MORE...
THAT'S IT -- YOU GOT THE AIM NOW, BOSS.
GOOD. AND THAT BUTTON IS RIGHT...
...HERE!
TEK!
IT... IT WORKS!
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT... BUT...
3

DIDN'T I ASSURE YOU?
KINSKI--SO THIS IS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE--AND YOU ARE A GENIUS!
NOW, QUICKLY--TELL ME ABOUT THE REST OF THE HELMET.
IT WORKS JUST AS IT ALWAYS DID, CRAZY-QUILT--WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SOME MINOR IMPROVEMENTS.

LOOK AT THAT MOTH FLITTING AROUND THE LIGHT...!
THE THREE COLORED LENSES NOW HAVE TWO-WAY FUNCTIONS, OF COURSE. FIRST, THEY ARE VIDEO-CAMERAS--
--FEEDING THEIR IMAGE SIGNALS THROUGH THE IMPLANT CABLES DIRECTLY INTO THE SIGHT-CENTERS OF THE BRAIN, COMPLETELY BYPASSING YOUR DEAD EYES.

IN SHORT, YOU WILL "SEE" WHATEVER THOSE LENSES ARE POINTED AT. PUT THE HELMET ON BACKWARD, AND YOU WILL LITERALLY HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.
BUT THE LENSES ARE ALSO PROJECTORS, CAPABLE OF EMITTING THE SAME BLINDINGLY INTENSE LIGHT THEY EVER DID.
AND AS PROMISED, I HAVE EQUIPPED THEM WITH THE ADDITIONAL FEATURE OF HIGH-RESOLUTION LASER BEAMS ABLE TO BURN RIGHT THROUGH A BANK VAULT DOOR.

BRILLIANT, KINSKI--BRILLIANT!
WHILE YOU'RE IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD, CRAZY-QUILT... MY FEE?
YOU'LL GET IT, KINSKI.
AH... THE TERMS, I BELIEVE, SPECIFIED UPON COMPLETION--WHICH IS NOW.
4

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

I DON'T HAVE IT NOW.
YOU THINK I CAN CARRY A QUARTER-MILLION AROUND IN MY POCKET?
BUT YOU SAID--
I'D SAY ANYTHING TO GET MY SIGHT BACK--BUT DON'T WORRY. IF I CAN MELT THROUGH ANY BANK VAULT I WANT, I WILL... EVENTUALLY.
EVENTUALLY? WHEN?
WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH A FAR MORE URGENT JOB.
NO! I WON'T BE RIPPED OFF AGAIN, BY YOU OR ANY--
TEK
AGHH-K!
TOO BAD, KINSKI...
YOUR GREED JUST BURNED YOU OUT OF A QUARTER-MILLION DOLLARS.
AND YOU CERTAINLY EARNED IT--EVEN THE LASERS WORK AS ADVERTISED.
BUT AS I TRIED TO TELL YOU... FIRST I HAVE MORE URGENT WORK.
IF I WERE STILL A PAINTER, I'D CALL IT: "REVENGE IN RAINBOWS"...
...SUBTITLED: THE MURDER OF ROBIN.
SHRAAPT
5

THE BATCAVE: WHERE JASON TODD REGARDS DICK GRAYSON WITH THE ALMOST TANGIBLE AWE INSPIRED BY IDOLS...
AFRAID MY TEA'S NOT AS GOOD AS ALFRED'S--BUT HE'S, AH, AWAY.
SO HOW ARE THINGS WITH THE TITANS, DICK?
OH, FINE--BUSINESS AS USUAL, BRUCE... WITH THE ONE EXCEPTION I'LL GET TO IN A MOMENT.
BUT RIGHT NOW--HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, JASON?
GREAT, DICK--KIND OF NERVOUS NOW THAT I'M GONNA BE THE BATMAN'S NEW PARTNER...
...BUT REAL EXCITED, TOO, Y'KNOW?
YES, I DO KNOW.
THE NIGHT I FIRST DONNED THE ROBIN COSTUME IS ONE I'LL NEVER FORGET, NOR WILL I EVER REGRET IT...
...EVEN THOUGH IT'S TIME TO PUT THAT PHASE OF MY LIFE BEHIND ME.
I TAKE IT THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, DICK?
EVER THE DETECTIVE, EH, BRUCE?
YES, I'VE BROUGHT BACK SOMETHING WHICH BELONGS HERE... SOMETHING WHICH SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT GOTHAM.
BRUCE WAYNE CAN FEEL IT COMING, BUT TO JASON IT IS INCONCEIVABLE...
HUH?
I SAW VICKI VALE'S PHOTO IN PICTURE NEWS, JASE, SHOWING BATMAN AND ROBIN DEFEATING THE JOKER...
... AND SINCE IT WASN'T ME IN THE ROBIN OUTFIT--
--AND SINCE YOU TWO HAVE BEEN WRESTLING WITH ABSURD NAMES OTHER THAN "ROBIN," I ASSUME BRUCE DID NOT APPROVE OF YOUR ACTIONS.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR IDENTITY, DICK! I JUST--
6

IT'S OKAY, JASON.
BRUCE, AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BE YOU -- BUT I'M NOT YOU.
I'M NO LONGER EVEN YOUR PARTNER -- I'M THE LEADER OF THE TITANS NOW...
...AND IT'S TIME I BECAME THAT -- IN NAME AS WELL AS FACT.
AND SINCE IT'D BE A SHAME TO LET SUCH A SPIFFY COSTUME MOLDER IN MOTH-BALLS... I'VE COME TO PASS ON THE MANTLE OF ROBIN.
TAKE IT, JASON -- YOU'VE EARNED IT.
G-GOSH, DICK... YOU... YOU MEAN IT?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BRUCE. I APPRECIATE YOUR PROTECTIVE-NESS, BUT HE'S NOT "STEALING MY IDENTITY" -- I'M GIVING HIM PER-MISSION.
TEARS MIST BRUCE'S EYES AS HE SPEAKS TO THE BOY, LOOKING AT THE MAN...
YOU'VE JUST RECEIVED A PROFOUND GIFT, JAY -- PUT IT ON.
WWWOW...
YOU BET!
THANK YOU, DICK... FOR ALL THE YEARS... FOR EVERYTHING.
TOO CHOKED TO SPEAK, DICK GRAYSON SIMPLY NODS.
AND MINUTES LATER, JASON TODD LOOKS GREAT.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK, HEROES?
DO I PASS MUSTARD?
ONLY AT A HOTDOG COOKOUT, JAY.
ON OCCASIONS LIKE THIS, THE WORD IS "MUSTER" -- AND YOU PASS IT, ALL RIGHT, WITH FLYING COLORS.
7

NOW THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE BATCAVE CONGEALS AWKWARDLY...
WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO BE GOING...
WHERE TO, DICK?
BACK TO THE TITANS-- THOSE JOKERS ARE ABSOLUTELY LOST WITHOUT ME.

AND WHEN DICK'S FOOTSTEPS HAVE FINALLY FADED INTO VAULTED SHADOWS...
BRUCE...? I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING... THE WAY HE TOLD ME TO BE GREAT... EVERYTHING I DO FROM NOW ON WILL BE CREDITED TO ROBIN.
OR BLAMED ON ROBIN.
AND YOU'LL GET NONE OF THE GLORY FOR YOURSELF-- FOR JASON TODD?
UH...YEAH...

IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU?
WELL... I WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT IT LIKE THAT... BUT I AM HUMAN, BRUCE, AND WHEN A GUY DOES SOMETHING, HE LIKES SOME APPRECIATION...
DON'T CONFUSE THE ROAR OF A CIRCUS CROWD WITH THE REWARDS OF YOUR NEW LIFE, JAY.

HUH?
THE ENTERTAINMENT PROVIDED BY A PERFORMER IS A GOOD AND NOBLE THING, BUT YOU'LL BE SERVING JUSTICE NOW-- SAVING LIVES...
...AND EGO GRATIFICATION HAS NO PLACE IN SUCH ENDEAVORS.
8

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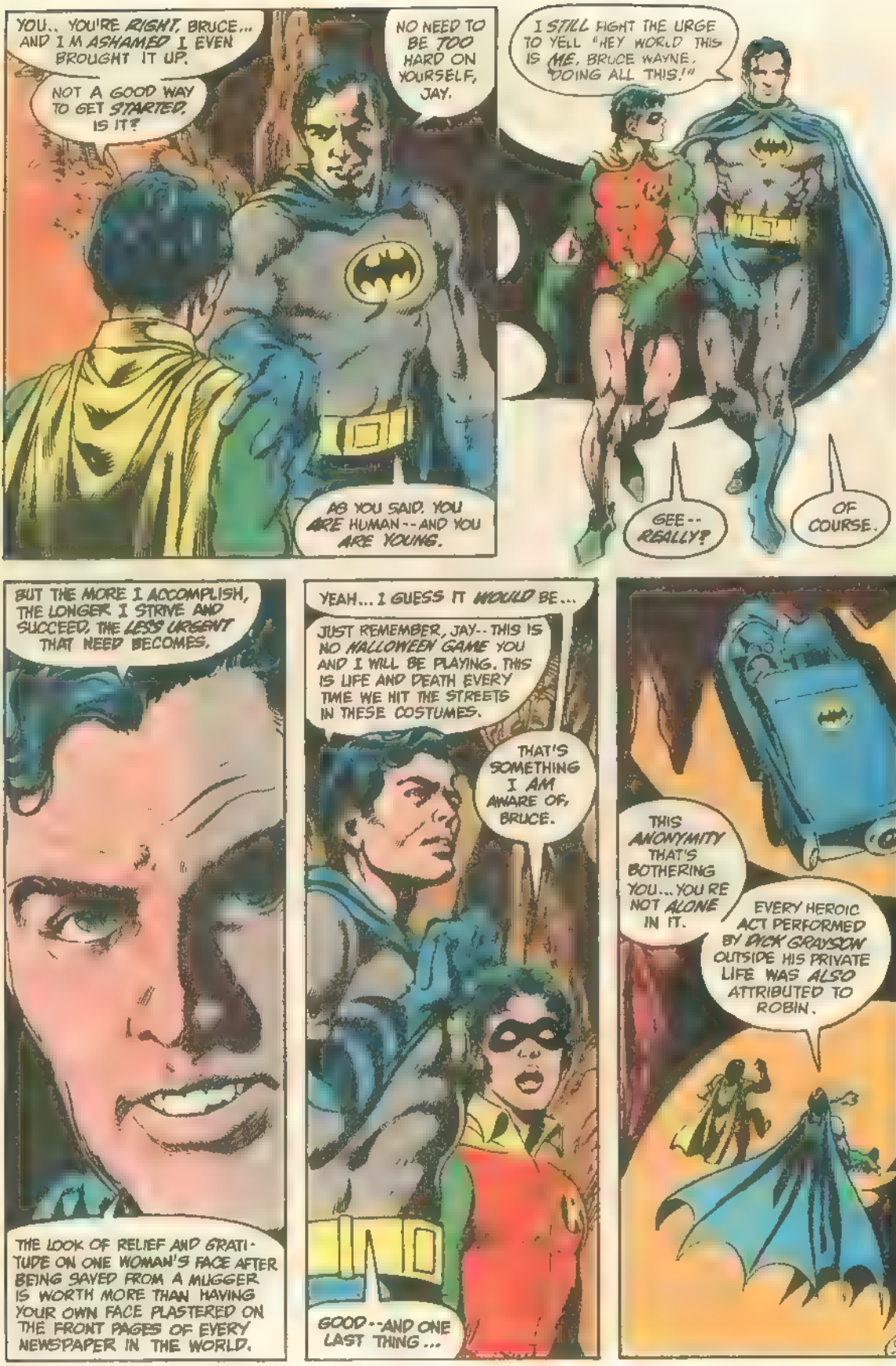

YOU.. YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUCE... AND I M ASHAMED I EVEN BROUGHT IT UP.
NOT A GOOD WAY TO GET STARTED, IS IT?
NO NEED TO BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF, JAY.
AS YOU SAID. YOU ARE HUMAN--AND YOU ARE YOUNG.
I STILL FIGHT THE URGE TO YELL "HEY WORLD THIS IS ME, BRUCE WAYNE, DOING ALL THIS!"
GEE-- REALLY?
OF COURSE.
BUT THE MORE I ACCOMPLISH, THE LONGER I STRIVE AND SUCCEED, THE LESS URGENT THAT NEED BECOMES.
THE LOOK OF RELIEF AND GRATITUDE ON ONE WOMAN'S FACE AFTER BEING SAVED FROM A MUGGER IS WORTH MORE THAN HAVING YOUR OWN FACE PLASTERED ON THE FRONT PAGES OF EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
YEAH... I GUESS IT WOULD BE...
JUST REMEMBER, JAY-- THIS IS NO HALLOWEEN GAME YOU AND I WILL BE PLAYING. THIS IS LIFE AND DEATH EVERY TIME WE HIT THE STREETS IN THESE COSTUMES.
THAT'S SOMETHING I AM AWARE OF, BRUCE.
GOOD--AND ONE LAST THING...
THIS ANONYMITY THAT'S BOTHERING YOU... YOU RE NOT ALONE IN IT.
EVERY HEROIC ACT PERFORMED BY DICK GRAYSON OUTSIDE HIS PRIVATE LIFE WAS ALSO ATTRIBUTED TO ROBIN.
9

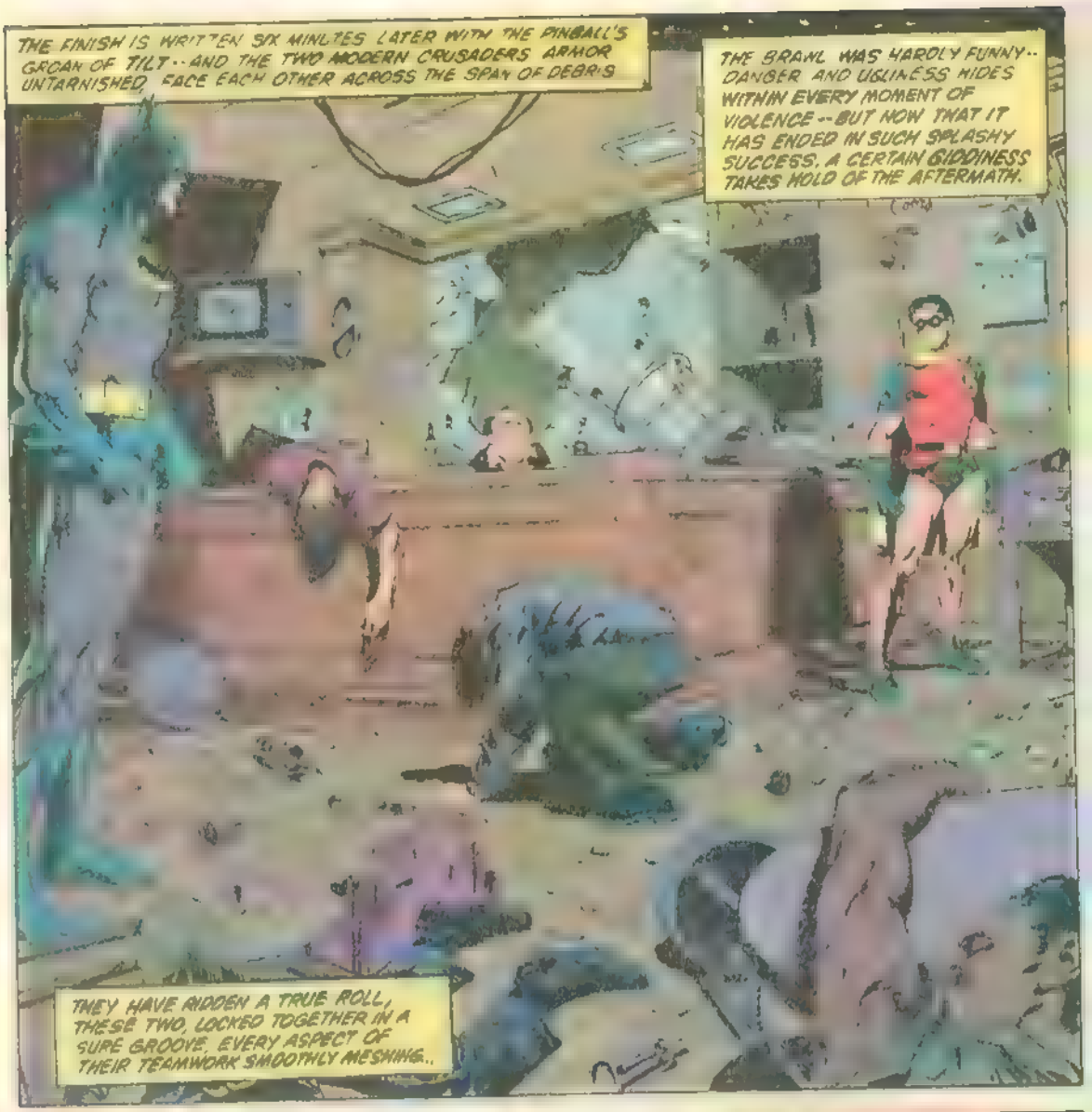
YOU'RE BEGINNING WITH A RICH LEGACY BEHIND YOU, JASON.
IT GIVES YOU THE ADVANTAGE OF A REPUTATION, BUT IT ALSO BEARS THE WEIGHT OF A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.
WHEN DICK STARTED OUT, HE HAD NO FAME TO BACK HIM UP... BUT NEITHER DID HE HAVE ANYTHING TO LIVE UP TO.
"AND IF YOU'RE EVER IN DOUBT, JUST REMEMBER WHAT WE MADE OF THIS DEAL CALLED ROBIN."
I GUESS... WITH EVERY PLUS, THERE'S A MINUS, HUH?
IT OFTEN SEEMS THAT WAY, LAD-- WITH EVERY MEANINGFUL PLUS, ANYWAY.
NOW-- SHALL WE HIT THOSE STREETS FOR OUR FIRST-NITER... ROBIN?
WITH A VENGEANCE, BATMAN!

AND WHAT A PREMIERE OUTING IT WILL PROVE TO BE...
THE SHADOWS ARE LONG, DARK, AND WREATHED IN MIST ON THIS HOT LATE-SUMMER NIGHT...
... AND THE URBAN LABYRINTH WHICH IS GOTHAM WILL HOST NO SHORTAGE OF THE SINISTER DEEDS NURTURED BY MIDNIGHT HEAT.
FIRST, THERE IS THE STAB AT ARSON...
HEY, BUDDY-- GOT A MATCH?
HUH--?!
SWAK!
I KNEW HE DID, BATMAN...
JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T LIGHT IT
BUT NOT YET DOES THE BATMAN PERMIT HIMSELF A SMILE .

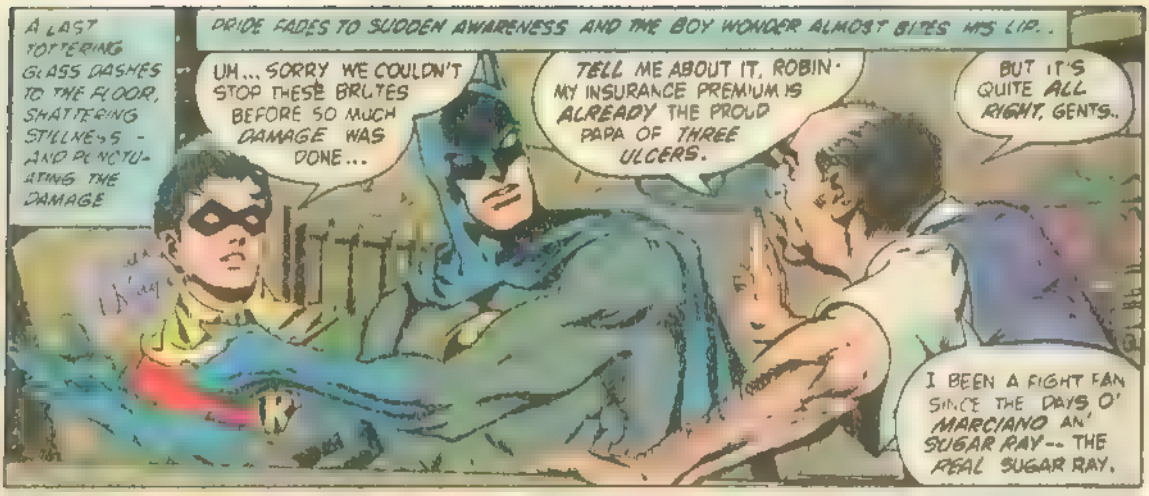
HE HAS HAUNTED THESE LONG DARK NIGHTS BEFORE, AND HE WELL KNOWS THEIR POTENTIAL CAN BE JAM-TESTY A VARIETY
THERE WILL BE OTHER TESTS - OR HIS NEW CHARGE TO FACE.
THEFT FOR INSTANCE
MUGGINGS.
AND WORSE -- INFINITELY SO
THIS IS MIKE McCORMICK THE ESCAPED MURDERER
AND WHEN THE NIGHT HAS JOURNEYED HALFWAY TO DAWN, THE NEW ROBIN MAY BE WELL ON THE WAY TO CREATING A CAUSE TO SMILE
. BUT THERE IS NOW NO TASTE FOR IT -- NONE AT ALL

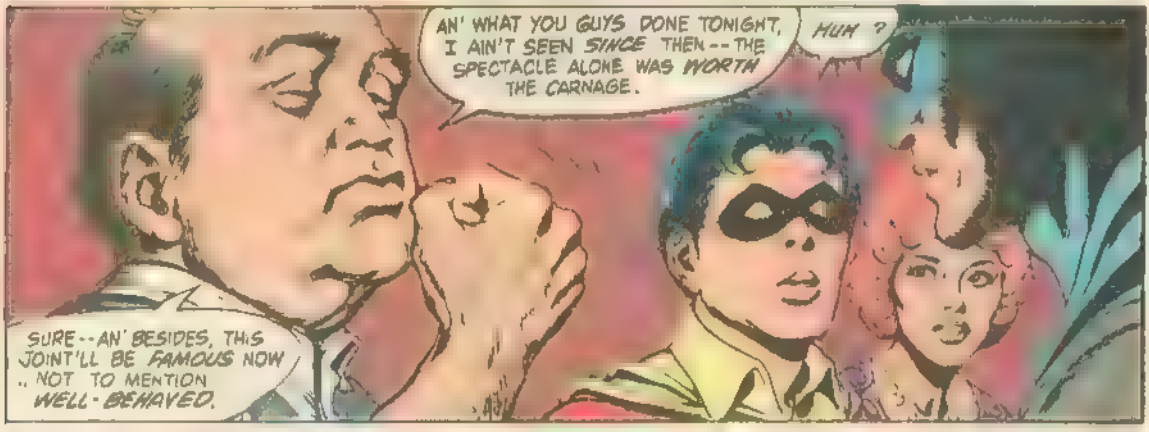
THE PICTURE NEWS BUILDING WHERE SOME LIGHTS NEVER SLEEP.
VICKI--THAT WAS OUR WEST-SIDE STRINGER ON THE PHONE!
AND WHERE A ROUTINE DEADLINE HAS JUST BUSTED WIDE OPEN.
SEEMS BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE TOGETHER AGAIN FOR REAL!
THEY'RE TEARING UP THE TOWN--BY MORNING THE HOSPITALS WILL BE JAMMED WITH THUGS!
THEY WERE LAST SEEN AT WEST END AND DELANEY STREETS...
BETTER WAKE UP ONE OF OUR PICTURE-MEN TO--
NO WAY BILL--AFTER MY SABBATICAL IN GUATEMALA, THAT EDITOR'S DESK SEEMS MIGHTY BLEAK.
BESIDES, THE REUNION OF BATMAN AND ROBIN IS A STORY I BEGAN...
"...AND KNOWING THOSE TWO, IT HASN'T REACHED ITS FINISH YET!"
SO MUCH FOR OUR TEN-MINUTE BREAK, BATMAN.
KRASH
BAR
INDEED, ROBIN, IT APPEARS WE HAVE A MINOR INFRACTION HERE--A LIQUOR ESTABLISHMENT OPERATING AFTER HOURS.
3

THINK THEY'LL CARD ME FOR BEING UNDERAGE?
SMASH
THUD
HWOK
NOPE.
WHATSAMATTER-- YA DEAF OR SOMETHIN'?!
THE POLICE, I SAID—GET ME THE POLICE!!
GUH-H!
WUMPT
NEVER MIND-- WHAT COULD THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE DO THAT THESE TWO GUYS AIN'T DOIN'?
14

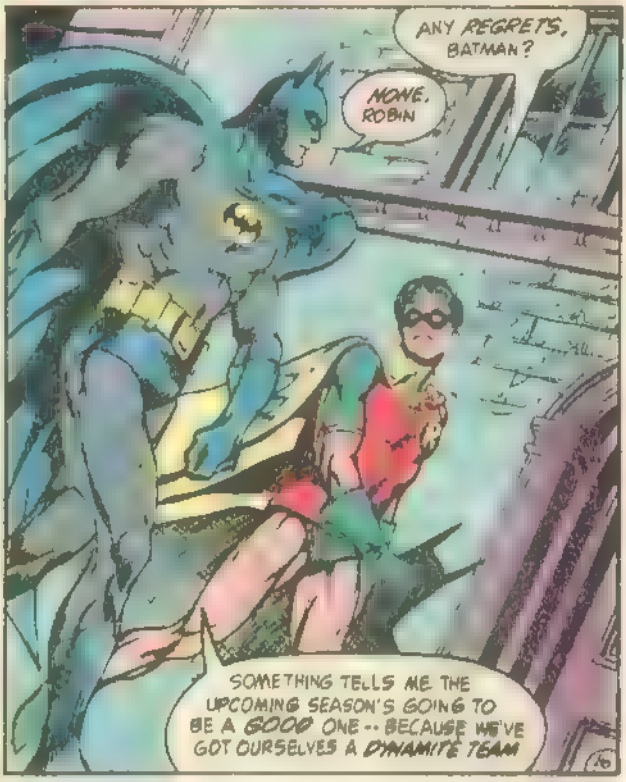

THE FINISH IS WRITTEN SIX MINUTES LATER WITH THE PINBALL'S GROAN OF TILT--AND THE TWO MODERN CRUSADERS ARMOR UNTARNISHED, FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS THE SPAN OF DEBRIS
THE BRAWL WAS HARDLY FUNNY--DANGER AND UGLINESS HIDES WITHIN EVERY MOMENT OF VIOLENCE--BUT NOW THAT IT HAS ENDED IN SUCH SPLASHY SUCCESS, A CERTAIN GIDDINESS TAKES HOLD OF THE AFTERMATH.
THEY HAVE RIDDEN A TRUE ROLL, THESE TWO, LOCKED TOGETHER IN A SURE GROOVE, EVERY ASPECT OF THEIR TEAMWORK SMOOTHLY MESHING..

AND DESPITE HEARING THE BATMAN-NALLY LOADED A SMILE
WELL ROBIN--IT'S BEEN QUITE A NIGHT.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, HEROES--TIME TO BE IMMORTALIZED
KLIK
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, YOU'RE AN ITEM AGAIN!
15

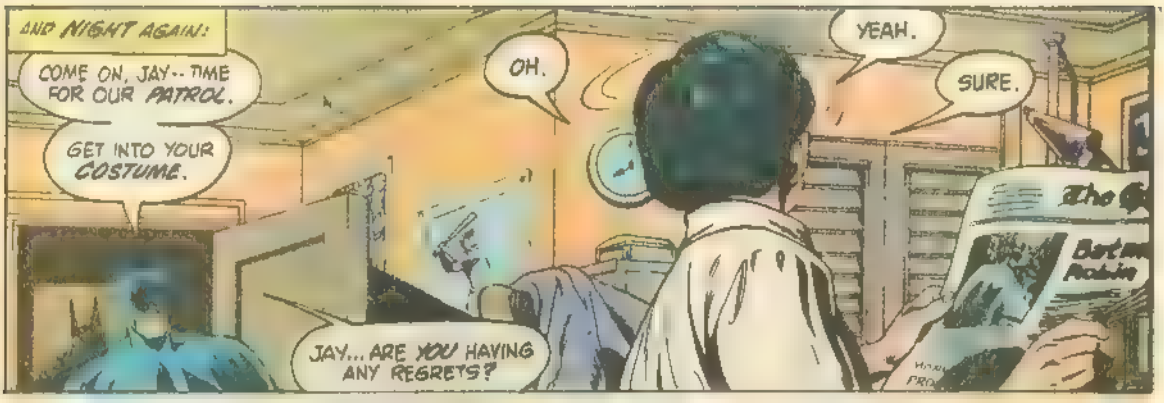

A LAST TOTTERING GLASS CRASHES TO THE FLOOR, SHATTERING STILLNESS - AND PUNCTUATING THE DAMAGE
PRIDE FADES TO SUDDEN AWARENESS AND THE BOY WONDER ALMOST BITES HIS LIP..
UH... SORRY WE COULDN'T STOP THESE BRUTES BEFORE SO MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE...
TELL ME ABOUT IT, ROBIN· MY INSURANCE PREMIUM IS ALREADY THE PROUD PAPA OF THREE ULCERS.
BUT IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, GENTS..
I BEEN A FIGHT FAN SINCE THE DAYS O' MARCIANO AN' SUGAR RAY-- THE REAL SUGAR RAY.

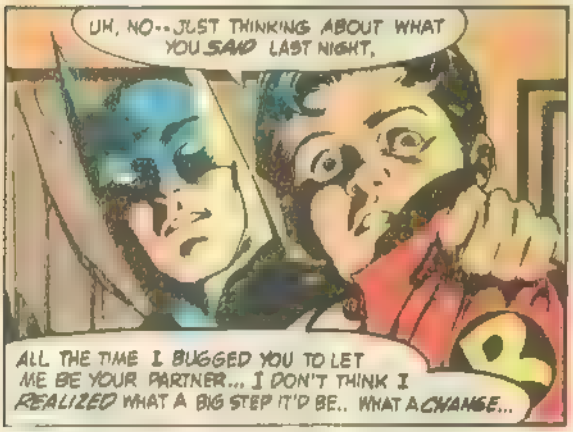

AN' WHAT YOU GUYS DONE TONIGHT, I AIN'T SEEN SINCE THEN -- THE SPECTACLE ALONE WAS WORTH THE CARNAGE.
HUH ?
SURE -- AN' BESIDES, THIS JOINT'LL BE FAMOUS NOW .. NOT TO MENTION WELL-BEHAVED.

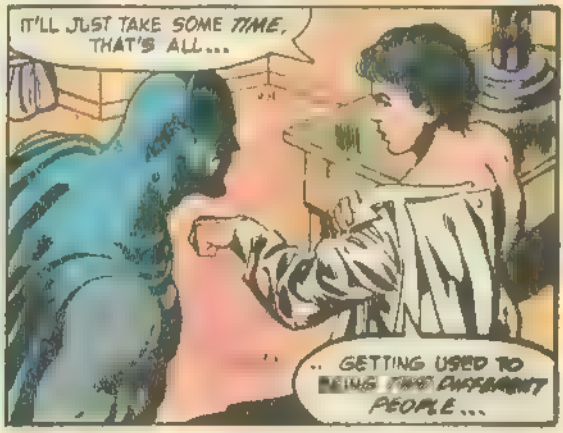
AND SO AS THE TWAIN DEPART INTO DARKNESS, THEIR MOOD AGAIN SOARING AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD PLUMMETED...
VICKI VALE CAPTURES IT ALL


ANY REGRETS, BATMAN?
NONE, ROBIN
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE UPCOMING SEASON'S GOING TO BE A GOOD ONE -- BECAUSE WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A DYNAMITE TEAM

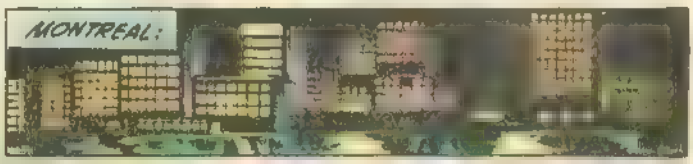
BUT ALONE IN HIS ROOM AT WAYNE MANOR, ONE SHADE AWAY FROM DAWN --
--JASON TODD STARES FOR LONG MOMENTS AT BRIGHTLY COLORED CLOTH CAUGHT IN THE MOON'S LAST FADING SHAFT.
HIS SMILE DIED AN HOUR AGO.
EVEN THE BARTENDER THOUGHT I WAS ROBIN...
...EVEN VICKI VALE.
THE NEXT DAY:
SO.. THE PUNK'S FINALLY BACK IN GOTHAM...
The GOTHAM
Batman a
Robin reu
TOGETHER AGAIN
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW.
WE STRIKE TONIGHT!
FINE WITH ME, BOSS...
IN THIS HEAT, MY BLOOD'S ALWAYS HIGH.


AND NIGHT AGAIN:
COME ON, JAY-- TIME FOR OUR PATROL.
GET INTO YOUR COSTUME.
OH.
YEAH.
SURE.
JAY... ARE YOU HAVING ANY REGRETS?

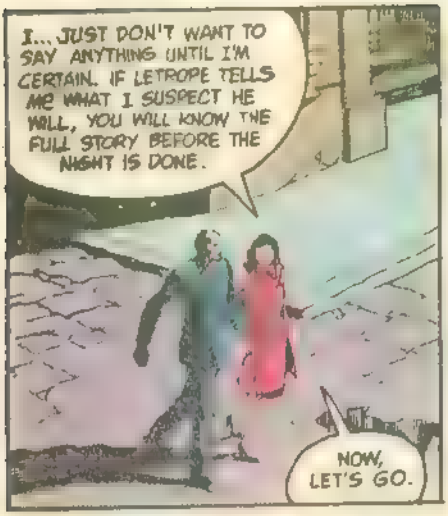

UH, NO-- JUST THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT,
ALL THE TIME I BUGGED YOU TO LET ME BE YOUR PARTNER... I DON'T THINK I REALIZED WHAT A BIG STEP IT'D BE.. WHAT A CHANGE...


IT'LL JUST TAKE SOME TIME, THAT'S ALL...
.. GETTING USED TO BEING WITH DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

WE... IF YOU EVER WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
. WITH SOMEONE WHO'S HAD EXPERIENCE IN THAT AREA.
SURE-- THANKS, BRUCE. MEET YOU IN THE BATCAVE IN THREE MINUTES


MONTREAL:

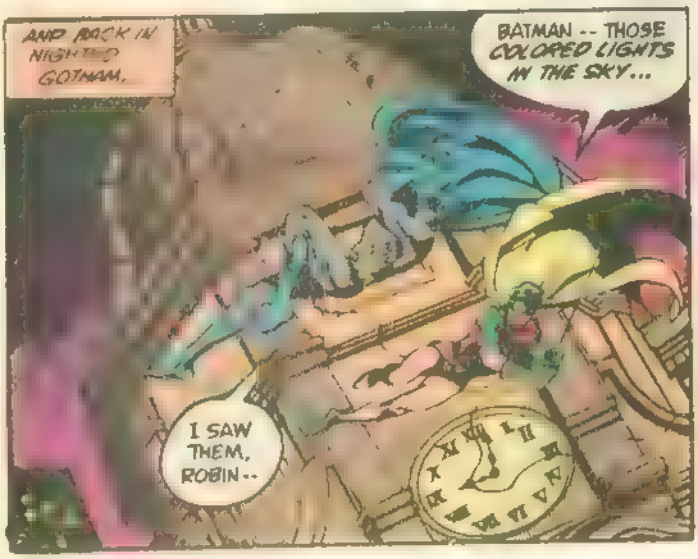
WE MEET HIM IN THE ROOMING HOUSE ACROSS THE ALLEY-- ROOM 505-- IN THREE MINUTES.
BUT WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, JULIA?
WHY SO MYSTERIOUS?


I... JUST DON'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I'M CERTAIN. IF LETROPE TELLS ME WHAT I SUSPECT HE WILL, YOU WILL KNOW THE FULL STORY BEFORE THE NIGHT IS DONE.
NOW, LET'S GO.

AND SO ALFRED PENNYWORTH FOLLOWS HIS DAUGHTER INTO THE SHABBY BUILDING -- ONLY TO FIND THE DOOR TO ROOM 505 SLIGHTLY AJAR...
THERE IS NO ANSWER TO JULIA'S INSISTENT KNOCK.
THEY DECIDE, FATEFULLY, TO ENTER...

AND..
STAY AWAY FROM JULIA OR YOUR NECK IS NEXT!
GOOD LORD--!

LETROPE WILL NEVER SPEAK ANOTHER WORD, FATHER, AND YET HE TELLS ME EVERYTHING.
AS I SUSPECTED, MY ADOPTIVE FATHER, JACQUES REMARQUE, DID NOT DIE OF A HEART ATTACK.
HE WAS MURDERED.


AND BACK IN NIGHTED GOTHAM,
BATMAN -- THOSE COLORED LIGHTS IN THE SKY...
I SAW THEM, ROBIN--

-- ABOUT THREE MINUTES AGO...
...AND SINCE I'M IN NO MOOD FOR LIARS, LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIGHTS -- THEIR COLORS...
THEY REMIND ME OF SOMETHING -- BUT I CAN'T QUITE PLACE IT...
OF COURSE -- CRAZY-QUILT!
THE MAD PAINTER -- WHO WAS ALSO THE HEAD OF A NATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATE!
"AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT BY A RIVAL GANGSTER BLINDED HIM AT HIS VERY EASEL...
".. AND HIS THUGS LATER MURDERED THE SURGEON WHO RESTORED IMPERFECT SIGHT TO HIS EYES.
"ABLE TO SEE NOTHING BUT BRIGHT, VIVID COLORS, HE BECAME CRAZY-QUILT --
"-- UNTIL ROBIN PUT HIM BEHIND BARS."
AND WHEN HE'D GOTTEN OUT OF PRISON, ROBIN WAS AGAIN INSTRUMENTAL IN BRINGING HIM TO JUSTICE -- USING A "MIRROR" TO TURN HIS OWN CRAZY LIGHTS AGAINST HIM, BLINDING HIM PERMANENTLY.
BATMAN ...?
BUT IF HIS SIGHT WAS RESTORED ONCE... IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN.

AND OF ALL THE BIZARRE VILLAINS WE'VE EVER FACED, CRAZY-QUILT IS THE ONLY ONE WHO HATES ROBIN EVEN MORE THAN HE HATES ME
BATMAN... WHAT IS IT?
UH, NOTHING, ROBIN.
I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THOSE COLORED LIGHTS-- YOU STAY HERE.
BUT--
DO AS I SAY
I UH.. I MAY NEED YOU TO BACK ME UP
UNDER BEQUEATHED COLORS, HIS EVERY MUSCLE TENSES- BUT JASON TODD SAYS NOTHING.
AND AS THE BATMAN HEARS THE SOURCE OF HIS PARENTAL CONCERN...
THOSE LIGHTS ARE NOT IN THE SKY...
THEY'RE STATIONARY -- FIXED ATOP THAT BUILDING...
...AND THE BUILDING IS A BANK.
THEN MAYBE CRAZY-QUILT IS ONLY AFTER LOOT-- AND NOT ROBIN.
STILL STUNG BY HIS MENTOR'S BRUSQUE REJECTION, THE YOUTH WHO WOULD BECOME ROBIN DOES NOT AT FIRST NOTICE THE MOVEMENT IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY...
.. AND WHEN A SOFT SCUFFING SOUND DOES ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION --
--IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE.
THOSE LIGHTS-- BLINDING ME!
PAIN.. IN MY HEAD!

MEANWHILE...

...BACK AT THE RANCH...
with guest columnist Robert Loren Fleming

If you enjoy team books such as THE NEW TEEN TITANS, BATMAN & THE OUTSIDERS, THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES and THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, prepare yourselves for THRILLER... because it's **not** like **any** of them! THRILLER refers to the main character, an omnipotent, ethereal female who performs the godlike function of manipulating and coordinating earthly events. Sort of a cross between Jesus Christ and my mom.

THRILLER's team is called THE SEVEN SECONDS because they're her "seconds" in the fight against crime and evil. Actually, they function more as **operatives** than as a team, like THE SHADOW's crew or DOC SAVAGE's men. But if you get right **down** to it, they're not **operatives either.** They're an Italian family. The Salvotinis. Allow me to introduce you.

DANIEL GROVE is the only **normal** joe in this outfit. He's a cameraman for the Satellite News Network and all he wanted out of life was to **end** it. THRILLER had other plans for this reluctant hero.

DATA is a genius who lives in the back seat of his Rolls Royce (he drives the car with his **brain**). He's not interested in brushing his teeth or playing volleyball or seeing SUPERMAN, THE MOVIE; he just wants **information.** Big, heaping gobs of it!

WHITE SATIN is beautiful, but deadly! One brush of her fingers and you may die laughing ... or vomiting ... or you may fall asleep or stiffen like a board, and that's only assuming you won't just plain drop dead! She's the girl who **everyone's** in love with—but is it really **worth** it?

SALVO is **Tony** Salvotini, THRILLER's twin brother and a crack shot who can blow your eyelashes off at thirty paces or rip off a thug's windbreaker with **live ammo.** He's **too good** a shot to **ever have** to kill ... his creed: "Only flesh wounds! Only outpatients!! I won't kill a **fly,** so don't **ask** me!!!"

BEAKER PARISH is an enormous synthetic Roman Catholic priest, created in an Erlenmeyer beaker by two renegade Harvard medical students. Adopted by a Roman Catholic parish, including the Salvotini family, the artificial baby grew into a nine-foot-tall seminary student. Amen!

PROXY used to be Robert Furrillo, actor, before he almost burned himself to death freebasing cocaine. The synthetic skin that saved his life proved unstable ... it tends to **melt** every 24 hours. Now he can become **anyone** for a day, depending on how he applies his artificial flesh. (It comes in plastic bags.)

CRACKERJACK is an underaged illegal immigrant from Honduras who is also a master escape artist, pickpocket, safecracker and contortionist. But his **favorite** occupation is watching television and eating Froot Loops.

That's my family, hope you like them! They go on exciting adventures, fight horrible villains like SCABBARD (he's got a three-foot-long scimitar sheathed in the skin of his back! That's right!) and make new friends like KANE CREOLE, rock & roll bankrobber (thinks he's you-know-who). Hey, I **know** they're **weird.** That's family for you.

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Add $1.00 additional postage for each title to be delivered outside the U.S.A. This offer expires 12/31/83, so **hurry!**
P.S. Thanks, Dick!

You're welcome, Bob. I don't know if I had the energy to write this column anyway...too much travelin' lately. I'll tell you all about it next month! Thank you and good afternoon.

Dick

THE RUSE WORKED BETTER THAN I'D PLANNED.
I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO ATTACK THE TWO OF YOU FROM BEHIND--
--BUT THE BATMAN HAS GIVEN ME A GIFT BY LEAVING YOU ALONE...
WH-WHO THE--?!
SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME, ROBIN -- THE MAN YOU SENT TO PRISON -- THE MAN WHOSE SIGHT YOU STOLE?
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOU--
--OOOPH!
KUNCH
DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, ROBIN!
MY SIGHT HAS BEEN RESTORED--
--WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOURS AT THE MOMENT...
KRAMMP
UNH!!
... AND I PROMISE YOU--NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES!
COME, COME, ROBIN-- THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY.
I'D EXPECTED MORE OF A FIGHT FROM YOU!
AND INDEED, JASON TODD DESPERATELY TRIES TO FIGHT BACK--
--BUT HE HAS BEEN BLINDED BY THE LIGHT OF DICK GRAYSON'S COLORFUL LEGACY...
... AND CRAZY-QUILT WREAKS HAVOC ON HIS INNOCENCE AND IGNORANCE.
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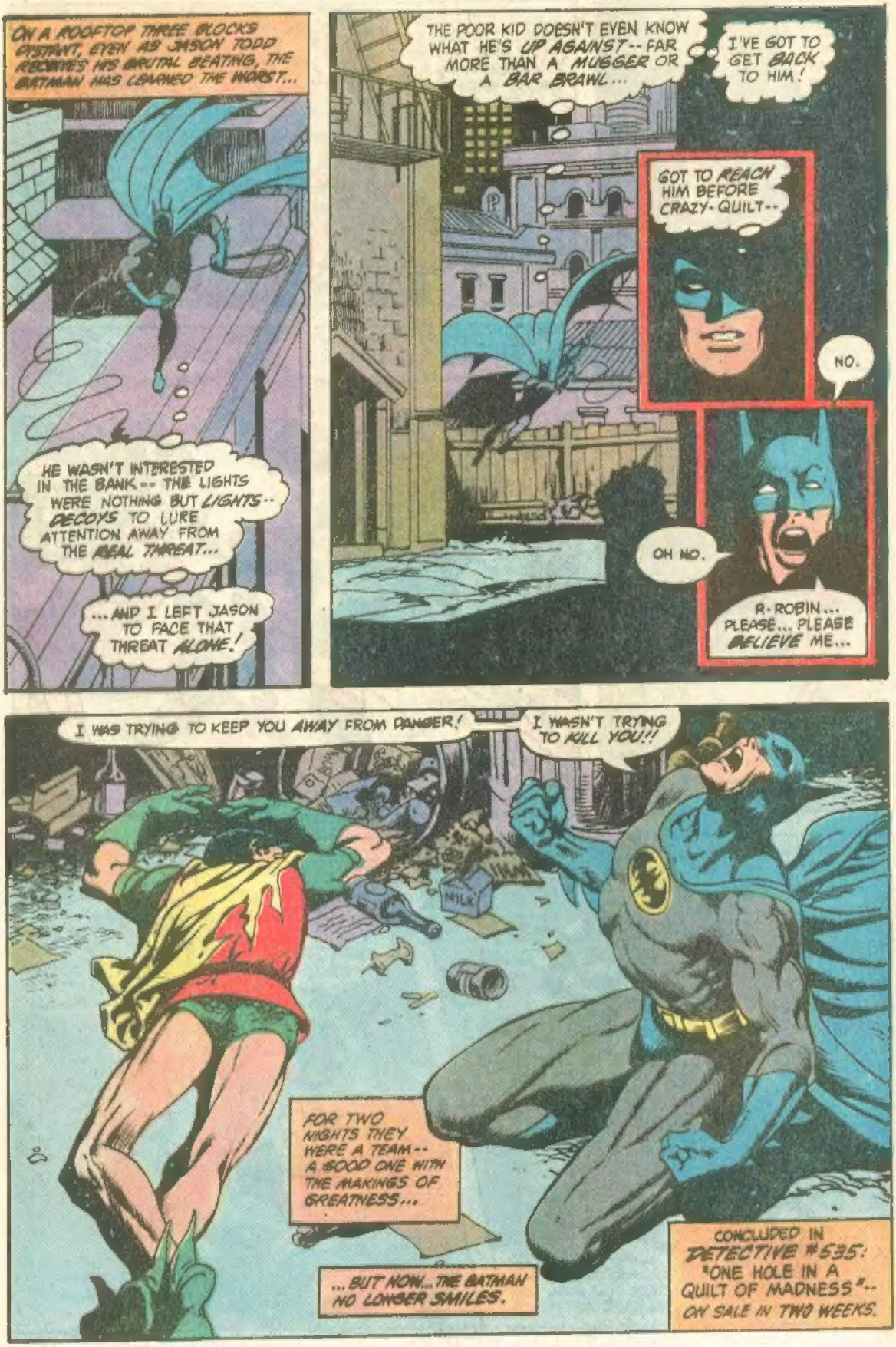
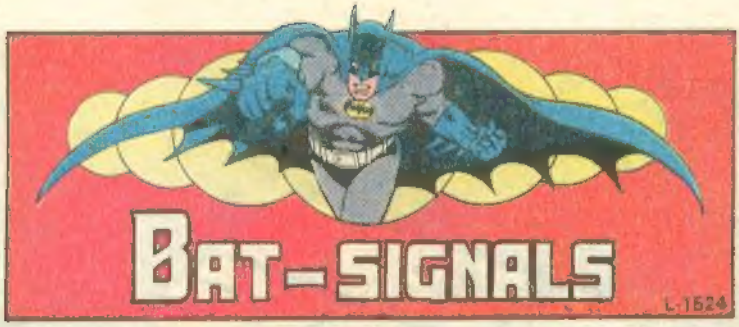

ON A ROOFTOP THREE BLOCKS DISTANT, EVEN AS JASON TODD RECEIVES HIS BRUTAL BEATING, THE BATMAN HAS LEARNED THE WORST...
HE WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE BANK -- THE LIGHTS WERE NOTHING BUT LIGHTS -- DECOYS TO LURE ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE REAL THREAT...
...AND I LEFT JASON TO FACE THAT THREAT ALONE!
THE POOR KID DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST -- FAR MORE THAN A MUGGER OR A BAR BRAWL...
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO HIM!
GOT TO REACH HIM BEFORE CRAZY-QUILT --
NO.
OH NO.
R-ROBIN... PLEASE... PLEASE BELIEVE ME...
I WAS TRYING TO KEEP YOU AWAY FROM DANGER!
I WASN'T TRYING TO KILL YOU!!
FOR TWO NIGHTS THEY WERE A TEAM -- A GOOD ONE WITH THE MAKINGS OF GREATNESS...
...BUT NOW... THE BATMAN NO LONGER SMILES.
CONCLUDED IN DETECTIVE #535: "ONE HOLE IN A QUILT OF MADNESS" -- ON SALE IN TWO WEEKS.



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Dear Batfriends,

I am impressed. It is seldom that I come out of my collector's closet to type a missive in response to one of your artistic creations. The reasons: I have to be moved emotionally, stimulated intellectually, and thoroughly impressed to the point worth a response. I have just reached that point.

BATMAN #364 is one fine comic, immediately grabbing us with another tight Hannigan/Giordano cover. The art was so good that I at first took it for Don Newton's pencilling. You probably know by now that if you ever tie down Hannigan and Giordano long enough to draw a full issue (of anything!), sales would skyrocket.

The best thing about BATMAN right now is the high degree of professionalism exhibited by its creative team. We have Doug Moench, who is T-O-P-S. I can barely remember a handful of his scripts which could be judged mediocre. Whereas many of the "best" writers produce lousy scripts on a fairly regular basis, Doug always pulls us right into the story, presents a smoothly fascinating plot without a lot of undue gimmicks, and pays close attention to telling details. In "The Man of a Thousand Menaces," for example, the circus atmosphere is vividly portrayed, as is the small-time chameleon villain, Chimera.

Next, we have Don Newton, filling the pages with exciting panels instead of four or five "pretty" ones. His figures are as fluid and realistic as ever, yet without the limp-wristed lazy look they once had. His action scenes are now much more exciting, with a follow-through that rivals Kirby. Newton is giving all of the fan-fave artists a real run for their money. His portrayal of the Batman is consistent, not cartoony or stylistic, not vague or soft like Colan's (although Colan is great!), not stiff. Looking back ten years from now, Newton's Batman may well be the definitive portrayal.

Ben Oda always hands in a lettering job that's just as good as Costanza's, so there's no complaints here. Adrienne Roy, however, never seems to receive *any* praise. Glynis Wein has basked in compliments time and again, but is no one else aware that Ms. Roy also does a great job every time out? She never gets sloppy as many colorists are prone to do, so let's give Adrienne a little praise, okay?

What an issue! Doug, Don, Ben, Adrienne, and then Alfredo Alcala. This man always amazes me. He usually inks some poor beginner's work and makes it look like a million. But when he inks the "pros," the result is absolutely electrifying. His inks are most suitable on BATMAN, to boot. The creature of night. The master of inky shadows. I'm sure Newton's pencils are gorgeous to begin with, and Alcala's inks are certainly great enhancers.

So we have a long letter without even commenting on the story! Well, Gordon will be laid up in the hospital for a while with his stroke. Harvey Bullock will start cleaning up his act a bit. Waldo the clown is not Chimera, and because of that fact he will help Jason out of some tight scrape. Batman will have several more great fights with Chimera, who will be revealed as the typically tragic villain bent on crime because of deep psychological as well as physical scars. Alfred will have a mess on his hands with his new visitor and won't be able to chase Jason Todd all over the country anymore. Vicki Vale will end up in some rinky-dink country only to be immersed in some sticky situation from which only the Batman can rescue her. And the lions will feel terrible after the Batman gives them a well-deserved but humane walloping.

Now you see why I'm impressed.

Tom Hall
N. 6416 Jefferson
Spokane, Wash. 99208

And we hope you're still impressed, Tom, now that the accuracy of your predictions has weighed in at something like a mere 60%. But then, we're kinda hoping you'll give us extra points for originality, not to mention the unexpected.

* * * * *

Dear Len:

I think I've finally found the issue that will let me write a brief letter: BATMAN #364.

Don Newton is a fantastic artist, but he turned in an unusually good job this time around—even for him. Alfredo Alcala is a very good inker indeed, but until this issue I've never really thought he was the best choice to work on Don's pencils. My mind is changed, and the entire art job was fantastic from start to finish. As a rule, I don't much notice the coloring, but this issue stood out for me—last panel of page 14, for example. Excellent job by everyone.

What *really* pleased me about this issue, however, was that Doug Moench brought back "The Bat-Man" of old, portraying the character as strong, capable, caring, and dedicated to a cause, as well as adept at exploiting his formidable image to inspire fear (pages 14-17). I expect that next issue we will again be forced to put up with that psychopath in bat's clothing who's been masquerading in this magazine for the last few years, and who just got another title called *Batman and the Outsiders*.

For this issue, at least, we got "THE BAT-MAN." Thank you!

Phil Deckert
Eaton Rapids, Mich. 48827

You're welcome, Phil, and we trust that your prediction was wrong as well...

* * * * *

Dear Len and Nicola:

I agree with Jeffrey Lowndes 100% about Doug Moench's use of the Batman's intelligence rather than paranoia (#364's letter column); it makes for a much better Batman.

Pages 14 through 17, where Batman is chasing Chimera/Waldo/Whoever-He-Really-Is, were very eerie and reminded me of the Batman back in his shadow-shrouded crime-fighting days/nights.

Jason is proving to be quite a little detective himself. This boy's got potential!

Once again I ask you, beg you, plead with you, to make Dick Grayson into the new Wildcat. He's perfect for the part.

Stephen Scott Beau Smith
110 Lewis Ave. Apt. #7
Barboursville, WV 25504

Marv Wolfman has Big Plans for Dick Grayson over in the immensely popular pages of Teen Titans; more than that we'll never tell. As for our new Robin, stay tuned right here, folks, starting next issue—and in the meantime, don't forget Detective Comics!

As for us, we're gonna go back and reread those pages 14-17...